

THE DODGE CITY TIMES.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$2.00 per Year, in Advance.

NICHOLAS B. ELAINE, - EDITOR

JAMES T. FIELDS' LAST POEM.

ROVER'S PETITIONS.

"Kind traveler, do not pass me by,
And thus a poor old dog forsake;
But stop a moment on your way,
And hear my woe, for pity's sake!"

"My name is Rover; yonder house
Was once my home for many a year.
My master loved me; every hand
Cared for young Rover, far and near."

"The children rode upon my back,
And I could hear my praises sung;
With joy I licked their pretty feet,
As round my shaggy sides they clung."

"I watched them while they played or slept;
I gave them all I had to give;
My strength was theirs from morn till night;
For only them I cared to live."

"Now I am old and blind, and lame,
They've turned me out to die alone,
Without a shelter for my head,
Without a scrap of bread or bone."

"This morning I can hardly crawl,
While shivering in the snow and hail;
My teeth are dropping one by one;
I scarce have strength to wag my tail."

"I'm pained grown with mortal pains,
My withered limbs are useless now;
My voice is almost gone, you see,
And I can hardly make my bow."

"Perhaps you'll lead me to a shed
Where I may find some friendly straw
On which to lay my aching limbs,
And rest my helpless broken paw."

"Stranger, excuse this story long,
And pardon, pray, my last appeal;
You've owned a dog yourself, perhaps,
And learned that dogs, like men, can feel."

Yes, poor old Rover, come with me;
Food, with warm shelter, I'll supply;
And Heaven forgive the cruel souls
Who drove you forth to starve and die!"
—*Harper's Young People.*

A Hint for the Girls.

A wood-engraver, being asked why he did not employ women, replied: "I have employed women very often, and I wish I could feel more encouraged. But the truth is that when a young man comes to me and begins his work, he feels that it is his life's business. He is to cut his fortune out of the little blocks before him. Wife, family, home, happiness, all are to be carved out by his own hand, and he settles steadily and earnestly to his labor, determined to master it, and with every incitement spurring him on. He cannot marry until he knows his trade. It is exactly the other way with the girl. She may be as poor as the boy, and as wholly dependent upon herself for a living, but she feels that she will probably marry by and by, and then she will have to give up wood engraving. So she goes on listlessly; she has no ambition to excel; she does not feel that all her happiness depends on it. She will marry and then her husband's wages will support her. She may not say so, but she thinks so, and it spoils her work."

The complaint made by this gentleman doubtless has much truth in it. But as the world seems to be at present constituted, the cause of it should not have much weight with girls who support themselves. The chances of a woman being obliged to rely on her own resources for support, even after marriage, are sufficiently numerous to justify any one in perfecting herself in whatever branch of business or trade she may be employed. Not to speak of the widows, who are left with children depending on them for support, there are numbers of women who assist in the family finances, not by attention to home affairs, (which is earning a living just as surely) but in other ways, and who are obliged to do so.

The advice is often given to a young man to learn a trade, not that he should feel obliged to follow it all his life, but that it is a good thing to fall back on. Now why, with so many chances of a woman finding it necessary to fall back on something, should she not be provided with that something? To be sure, one is apt to be perplexed by the multiplicity of advice given as to the education of girls. We are told that half the unhappy homes are caused by the limited knowledge of housekeeping possessed by those who take charge of them; that half the children born into the world die through the ignorance of the mothers, and that if girls are to be married they must be taught the things which it is necessary for them to know. At the same time young girls are urged

not to make marriage the chief aim of their existence. It sometimes seems as if it would be an excellent thing to revive the old sciences of astrology and have a horoscope cast for each girl at her birth. If she was destined to marry young, she might devote all her time to domestic duties and learning house-keeping; if not, she could turn her attention to something which would prove more useful to her. But since this is not practicable, we must look for some other way out of the difficulty.

A lady who has seen considerable of life said the other day: "I have noticed in my life that a very large number of women, whether married or not, have had to earn their own living at some time in their lives, and I am going to provide my daughter with some way of doing it if necessary." If every woman who begins wood engraving or any other business would realize that it is not simply to pass away a few years that she is working, but that at some time in the future not only her comfort, but her very livelihood, may depend on her becoming an expert, employers would not say: "She has no ambition to excel." If obliged to resume an occupation after laying it aside for some years, there is no time to be lost in preparation. To be able to command living wages, she must be acquainted with something more than the rudiments of a business.

There is another reason why women should not be satisfied with a moderate degree of proficiency. Every occasion for such remarks as those of the gentleman quoted above lowers the value of woman's work. Knowing that as a rule, women do not take pains to excel in anything, employers are slow to believe in the possibility of any one being competent to take a higher position than that usually held by them. Thus, even if no harm or inconvenience may come to the individual, every such case injures the whole class of women.

In regard to girls being ignorant of household affairs, house-keeping is a trade by itself, and one that seldom, outside of her own home, will yield a comfortable support for the young girl. No man is expected to learn two trades at once, and when a knowledge of the second becomes necessary the American girl is found equal to the emergency. The perfectly reasonable hope of marriage need deter no girl from aiming for the highest position in whatever department of labor she may be engaged.
—*Western Rural.*

Confidential.

The other morning when Mr. Jones entered his family drug store to have a prescription put up he found a new clerk in attendance. Mr. Jones has considerable curiosity, and while he waited he began:

"Been here long?"
"Only two days."
"Going to stay?"
"I think so."
"Old clerk gone for good?"
"Yes."
"Come from New York?"
"No. I came from St. Louis."
"Didn't like the town, I suppose?"
"Oh, fairly."
"Got a better offer here, I presume?"
"Well, not much better."
"Druggist related to you?"
"No."
"Going to marry his daughter?"
"Haven't thought of it."

There was a brief rest until the clerk had finished his labors, and then he beckoned Mr. Jones into the back room and said:

"You look like a person who can be depended on, and I'll tell you in confidence why I came here. I liked St. Louis, and I had good wages, but I happened to kill three or four persons by putting up wrong prescriptions and I thought a change of location would relieve my sorrow. This is on the square, you know, and nothing is to be said unless I lay out two or three of your leading citizens, in which case I shall give up the drug business altogether and go sailing a sand-barge."

Jones went out feeling of his left ear and looking into vacancy, and his sore throat got well without the help of the gargle.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Miss Isabella Bird, the great woman traveler, is described as a little, delicate looking woman, who suffers from some spinal trouble, and who starts off on a journey to the roughest and most remote regions whenever she feels particularly ill.

Advice to Young Men.

Young man, what are you living for? Have you an object dear to you as life, and without the attainment of which you feel that your life will have been a waste, shoreless waste of shadow peopled by the specters of dead ambitions? Is it your consuming ambition to paddle quietly but firmly up the stream of time with many strokes against the current of public opinion, or to linger along the seductive banks, going in swimming, or, careless of the future, gathering shells and tadpoles along the shore? Have you a distinct idea of a certain position in life which you wish to attain? Have you decided whether you will be a great man and die in the poorhouse, and have a nice, comfortable monument after you are dead for your destitute family to look at, or will you content yourself to plug along through life as a bank president? These, young man, are questions of moment. They are questions of two moments. They come home to our hearts to-day with terrible earnestness. You can take your choice in the great battle of life, whether you will bristle up and win a deathless name and owe almost everybody, or be satisfied with scabs and mediocrity. Why do you linger and fritter away the heyday of life when you might skirmish around and win some laurels? Many of those who now stand at the head of the Nation as statesmen and logicians were once unknown, unhonored and unsung. Now they saw the air in the halls of Congress, and their names are plastered on the temple of fame.

They were not born great. Some of them only weighed six pounds to start with. But they have rustled. They have peeled their coats and made Rome howl. You can do the same. You can win some laurels, too, if you will brace up and secure the n when they are ripe. Daniel Webster and President Garfield and Dr. Tanner and George Eliot were all, at one time, poor boys. They had to start at the foot of the ladder and toil upward. They struggled against poverty and public opinion bravely until they won a name in the annals of history, and secured to their loved ones palatial homes, with lightning-rods and mortgages on them. So may you, if you will make the effort. All these things are within your reach. Live temperately on nine dollars a month. That's the way we got our start. Burn the midnight oil if necessary. Get some true, noble-minded young lady of your acquaintance to assist you. Tell her of your troubles and she will tell you what to do. She will gladly advise you. Then you can marry her, and she will advise you some more. After that she will lay aside her work any time to advise you. You needn't be out of advice at all unless you want to. She, too, will tell you when you have made a mistake. She will come to you frankly and acknowledge that you have made a jackass of yourself. As she gets more acquainted with you, she will be more candid with you, and, in her unstudied, girlish way she will point out your errors, and gradually convince you, with an old chairleg and other arguments, that you were wrong, and after she has choked you a little while, your past life will come up before you like a panorama, and you will tell her so, and she will let you up again. Life is indeed a mighty struggle. It is business. We can't all be editors, and lounge around all the time, and wear good clothes, and have our names in the papers, and draw a princely salary. Some one must do the work and drudgery of life, or it won't be done.
—*Bill Nye.*

—A gentleman in New York met a rather "uncertain" acquaintance the other day, when the latter said, "I'm a little short, and would like to ask you a conundrum in mental arithmetic." "Proceed," observed the gentleman. "Well," said the "short" man, "suppose you had ten dollars in your pocket, and I should ask you for five dollars, how much would remain?" "Ten dollars," was the prompt answer.
—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

—All kinds of dried fruit should be stewed long and slowly. Tiny bits of lemon and orange peel, together with the juice of two or three oranges and lemons, are a very desirable addition. Only the thin, yellow part of the rind must be used and care taken to take out the seeds. The sugar should be added when the fruit is about half done.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Carlyle was sometimes generous to poor authors whom he thought deserving.

—Donald G. Mitchell is giving a series of readings on English literature in Hartford, Conn.

—Mr. Vennor says that to all demands of the kind he has but one reply—"I do not lecture." Mr. Vennor is wise beyond his generation.

—Dr. Swift, of Rochester, has announced his intention of going to Africa to observe the total eclipse of the sun on May 15 next year. His special object is to look for the two intramercutal planets which appeared in the field of his telescope at Denver during the eclipse of 1879.

—The success of Mary Anderson, who became a popular star immediately on adopting the stage, has incited two other Louisville young women to attempt the same feat. They are Miss Fetter and Miss Dickson, and each is now on a trial Western tour. It is said that half the girls in Louisville are stage struck.

—Suppe, the operatic composer, is very fond of death sublime, and his liveliest music is said to have been written in a room, the walls of which were painted with innumerable skulls and bones. In this room he worked and slept, his bed being a coffin standing on the floor, and his favorite snuff-box being a miniature coffin.

—A recent London dispatch says: "Since the publication of the 'Reminiscences of Carlyle,' very little advance has been made in the collection of subscriptions for the proposed memorial to the eminent Scotchman. Contributions which, before that work was published, were largely and freely made, have almost entirely stopped since its character has become known."

—It was rather romantic, the first meeting of the Baroness and young Bartlett. It seems he was a boy at Highgate School, and Lady Countess chanced one day to be present at a school exhibition and heard him recite some poetry. She took a fancy to the boy there and then, 'tis said, and invited him, with one of his school fellows, to visit her. He did so, and in the halls between lollipops and jam-tarts recited his poetry over again, to what effect on the heart and feelings of the old lady the culmination can testify.

HUMOROUS.

—When one Senator calls another a liar he immediately says he means nothing personal or offensive. He merely makes the statement so that it may go on record.
—*N. O. Picayune.*

—"The ripest peach is on the highest tree," says James Riley. James shows his ignorance. The ripest peach is in the bottom layer of the basket every time, and it is generally about nine shades too ripe.
—*New Haven Register.*

—Tramps have their signs and tokens. XXX on a gate-post means: "The old cadaver who runs this ranche has a shot gun and two bull dogs, and all true gentlemen will pass on to the next house."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

—An Eastern paper says that "Brush, the inventor of the electric light, could not borrow \$5 at one period of his life. He now has an income of \$1,000 per day." A Chicago man could not borrow \$5 at one period of his life. He is still in the same fix.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"Why," said the patent medicine man "did I larra the hide off that Detroit editor? Why, he agreed to write a puff for me, and then said that anybody who once used my medicine would never use any other. Egal! he scared everybody in town of me, except the undertakers."
—*Boston Post.*

—A woman in Elmira, N. Y., sent "a three-cent stamp for twenty-five useful articles," and received twenty-five pins. They gave her at least twenty-five points of useful information, one of which is that advertisers are not apt to give a small fortune for a three-cent stamp.
—*Boston Courier.*

—A stranger from Brenham, Texas, who was helping Galveston out in the Mardi Gras business, took his watch to a watchmaker to have it repaired. After a few minutes' work the watchmaker handed it back with the remark that the damages were two dollars. "What was the matter with it?" asked the stranger. "There was a hair in it." "Was that all? You ought to have found a hair mattress in it for two dollars."
—*Galveston News.*